THE BOURBON NEWS.

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MONARCH OF ENGLAND.

Austrian Archdeaconess Is the Legitimate Sovereign.

In France and in Spain the legitimist is taken seriously. In England, according to the man in the street, and according to others in other places, the legitimist is simply an idiot who is not worth further consideration. Yet among English legitimists are many men of whose sanity there can be no question, whose integrity is beyond dispute, and whose loyalty to Queen Victoria is unimpeachable.

In the first place, perhaps, it may be suggested that the use of the word "Jacobite" in connection with legitimism in this country is not very happy. It is employed because of the historical associations which appeal so strongly to the English as a nation. But it does not necessarily imply, as is too commonly supposed, that the legitimists in this country aim solely at the restoration of the house of Stuart. But for the peculiar local associations of the term "Jacobite," the legitimist in England might with more propriety style himself a Carlist, and thereby identify himself more closely with his brother in France or Spain. The point, which in fairness ought not to be lost sight of, is that the Jacobite is simply an Englishman who professes the faith of legitimism; a member, it may be otherwise expressed, of the English branch of a catholic or universal party.

Social systems may and do exist where the monarchical principle is accepted, but where the sovereign is elected. Social systems may and do exist where the principle of primogeniture is accepted, but where the monarchical principle is rejected altogether. But a social system where the monarchical principle and the principle of primogeniture are both accepted, but where the sovereign is yet not the one entitled by the laws of primogeniture to occupy the throne, is an anomaly the justification of which must be sought outside logical reason. From this aspect the legitimist appears more sane than they who call him mad. The law of gavelkind and the law "regulating" the succession to the throne are the only two exceptions to the rule by which the eldest son succeeds his father, and, failing issue, the succession is vested in the elder female line. Questions of fact only are involved, and fortunately these are plain enough. By the law of primogeniture the sovereign of these realms should be Mary the Fourth and Third, nee Mary Theresa Henrietta Dorothea, archduchess of Austria-Este-Modena, and wife of his royal highness Prince Louis of Bavaria. Of her genealogical right to the throne as representative of the senior female line of the royal house of Stuart, the male line having become extinct on the death of the Cardinal King Henry IX., there is no dispute. The facts are stated every year in "Whitaker's Almanack" for all who run to read. The Hanoverian dynasty, being derived from a daughter of James I., has no right to the throne until the whole issue of Charles I. is exhausted, which is not yet the case.—Nineteenth Century.

IMITATION OYSTERS IN PARIS.

A Perfect Counterfeit in Appearance, But the Taste Is Far from Genuine.

"The most singular thing I saw while in Paris," said a gentleman who has just returned from Europe, "was artificial oysters. I don't mean what are called mock oysters—that is, meat done up in a patty or a potpie—but the real bivalve intended to serve raw. And as far as looks go, you would say at a glance that they were genuine American oysters, but when you came to eat one the difference would be perceptible at once. How they are made and what materials are used in their manufacture is a mystery which I did not solve, but it is certain that a great deal of money is made by the producers. The usual price paid for these artificial oysters is three cents each, or 30 cents a dozen, and sometimes, in the second-class restaurants, they are to be had for two cents each, though they are not apt to be very fresh at that price. You order a plate on the half shell, and when the waiter brings them to you they look as nice as the real oyster that you get in the best New York oyster house. If you are not a good judge of oysters you will eat them with your wine and go away without asking any questions.

"The only really genuine thing about them is the shells. The manufacturers, I was told, buy second-hand shells from the restaurant keepers at a small expense, and with a harmless and tasteless paste fasten the spurious oyster in its place. Only one-half a shell is used for the purpose, and in that shape the fraud oysters are packed in tiers in boxes and baskets, which are displayed in windows, on counters, or on shelves. Others, to be served without the shells, are put up in cans, or in glass jars, containing from 25 to 100. The "imitations" are consumed in such large quantities that the dealers in real oysters are urging the restaurant and hotel keepers to break up their shells as fast as their contents are eaten, and even pay the cooks and waiters liberally to pound them to pieces, so that the makers of the artificial article will have a limited supply of shells."—Washington Star.

Our Easy Language.

"Johnny, do you know where those pills are that were on my closet shelf?"

"Yes, ma; I took them."

"You took them; what do you mean? How many did you take?"

"I didn't take any; I gave them to sister to take, but nurse took them away from her, so she didn't take any."—Brooklyn Life.

—Uniform indulgence is not a favorable school.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every day is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for pou—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight;
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relive them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in His mercy receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn,
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain.
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.
—Susan Coolidge, in Boston Watchman.

From Clue to Climax.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

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CHAPTER IV.

When Warrenton left Whidby he went downstairs. He knew the room where Whidby had slept the previous night, but he found the door closed and locked.

Hearing the voices of the undertaker and his men in Strong's room, he entered it. The men looked up from the coffin at him, and Hodson, the undertaker, bowed and said good morning as Warrenton approached and looked at the dead man's face.

"I've never seen anything like that smile, colonel," said Hodson, "and I've been in this business over 20 years. It was all I could do to get my men to go to work when they first saw him. We tried to close his eyes; but the lids are as stiff as whalebone."

The colonel shuddered at the coarseness of the man's words.

"How do you explain the smile?" he asked.

"I can't explain it at all," answered the undertaker. "I don't think such a thing ever happened before."

Warrenton bent over the coffin for a moment. "It seems to me to be a genuine smile, unmixed with any sensation of pain, or even surprise."

"He was laughing, colonel, if ever a man laughed in his life. I ain't particularly superstitious. I once unscrewed a box and let a man out that had passed for dead 36 hours. I was alone with it at midnight. You can bet that gave me a shock; but, frankly, I'd hate to spend a night with this one."

"Whidby slept in that room, didn't he?" asked the lawyer, glancing indifferently towards the portiere.

"Yes, sir, but the indications are that the deed was done very quietly. Perhaps Mr. Whidby was drugged."

Hodson turned to give some orders to his men. The colonel went into Whidby's room and let the curtain fall behind him. The room had not been put to rights. A chair stood between the portiere and the bed. Its back was towards him. Warrenton listened. Hodson was still talking to his men, and the colonel could hear them using their tack-hammers. Quickly and stealthily he stepped to the chair and turned its back to the light from the window. He found what he feared was there—a faint smear of blood just where Whidby had caught the chair with his right hand.

"Enough to draw the halter around his neck," thought the lawyer. "I hope it escaped that detective's eye." He had just replaced the chair, when the portiere was drawn back and Hodson looked in.

"I beg pardon, colonel, but Capt. Welsh aked me to allow no one to come in here. I thought you went into the hall."

"I was just wondering how Whidby could have slept so soundly unless he was drugged," said the colonel. "I would not have come in if I had thought it was forbidden. Whidby and I are so intimate, you know, I feel as if I were at home here."

"Oh, no harm done," said the undertaker, as he held the curtain aside for Warrenton to pass out.

The colonel went into the hall and turned into the parlor. Here he looked about aimlessly for a moment, and then, seeing an open door which led to the servants' rooms in the rear, he passed out.

In a little room adjoining the kitchen he found Matthews.

"I want to see you, Matthews," said the colonel. "I want to ask you some questions. Mr. Whidby is so excited and upset that I don't wish to disturb him, and yet I must get some light on this subject."

"I don't know much about it, sir," replied the gardener. "I've told all I know to the jury."

The colonel sat down on a window-sill and lighted a cigar.

"You can trust me, you know, Matthews. I am an old friend of the family."

"Oh, I know that, sir, well enough."

"You have been in Mr. Strong's service a long time, Matthews, and you may now remember some things that you did not think of when you were testifying. For instance, have you any recollection of ever having seen anything which might tend to show that Mr. Strong had an enemy?"

Matthews stared at the lawyer for a moment in silence and then sat down on a chair and folded his hands nervously over his knees.

"I can't say I have, colonel," he said; "and yet—well, you know, my master was a very excitable, suspicious sort of a man."

"I never knew that."

"Well, he was, sir. He used to have spells of it, sir—spells I call 'em. He didn't seem able to sleep well at times. He has once in awhile had me sleep on the floor at the foot of his bed."

"Ah! Is that so?"

"Not often, sir, but perhaps twice a year, or thereabouts."

"Do you recall anything that might have caused him uneasiness at those times?"

"Well, I did have a sort of idea that he might 'a' brought home some money and was afraid o' bein' robbed of it."

"Can you remember ever having seen anyone about just before or after those spells?"

Matthews was silent, deep in thought, for a moment, then he said:

"Yes, I do remember somethin' rather odd, sir. It was when Mr. Whidby was at the seashore in the summer, and master was makin' me sleep in his room every night while he was gone. One evenin' master told me he was lookin' for a visitor to see him on important business, and that I was to stay back here till he left."

"Did you see the man?"

"Yes, sir. I opened the door when he rang."

"How did he look?"

"Very queer-lookin' individual, sir, it struck me. He looked like he might be a drinkin' man. He was tall and thin, and had dark eyes and white hair. He was so queer-lookin', sir, that I thought strange o' master havin' a appointment with him. To tell the truth, sir, I kinder thought it might be some poor relation in trouble, that master didn't care for people to see about. I showed him into the parlor and went back into the kitchen. About 15 minutes after that I thought I heard loud words and a scramblin' o' feet in the parlor. Their voices would sink down and then rise up again like they was quarrelin'. I was frightened, but was afraid o' displeasin' master if I went in, so I just come as far as the room next to the parlor."

"Did you then hear anything?"

"They kept it up, sir. Master seemed to be arguin' with him in a low, steady voice, and the stranger would break in and beat the table with his fist. Once I heard him say he wanted half of somethin', and just after master answered I heard blows and the fallin' of chairs. I thought I had waited as long as I could, and, grabbin' a old pistol that I always kept by me, I rushed in. Master was on one side of the room, behind a sofa, and the fellow was holdin' a chair by the back and just about to raise it. When he saw me and my pistol he put down the chair, and, with an oath, backed out of the room. I followed him as far as the front door and saw him spring over the fence and walk away quick.

"Then I went back to master. To my surprise, he was tryin' to smile as if nothin' had happened; but he was as white as a ghost. For a minute he couldn't say a word. Presently he said:

"'Rather nasty temper he has, Matthews. My friend was a little upset, but he would have come around all right. You frightened him away with that pistol.'

"'Didn't he strike you, master?' I asked. 'I thought I heard you fightin'.' And then I noticed a bruised spot on his forehead which showed mighty plain under his white hair an' on his pale skin. He saw me lookin' at it, and put his hand over it, but he was so excited he couldn't keep from showin' that he didn't want to let me know what the cause of the trouble was.

"'That fellow was drunk,' master said. 'I think his mind is wrong, too, a little. Yes, he did strike me, and I reckon you were right to come when you did.'

"Then he asked me if I was sure my pistol was loaded, and told me to sleep in his room, and see that the windows and all the doors were locked."

"Was that all?" asked the colonel, deeply interested.

"Yes, sir, except he made me promise not to mention the affair to Mr. Whidby nor anyone else. I'm sure he didn't sleep a wink that night, for I heard him rollin' and tumblin' in bed, an' he'd get up every now and then and cautiously look out of the window."

"After that, did you see anything to indicate that Mr. Strong was ever frightened or greatly excited about anything?"

"Nothin', sir, except he bought a fine watchdog, the one that died last winter, you know. He was always interested in him, and particular about leavin' him unchained at night. Then I do seem to remember that now and then master would get a letter that would excite him somewhat. They always came in strange-looking blue envelopes. Once when I gave him one at breakfast he turned pale when he opened it, and didn't finish eatin'."

Col. Warrenton rose and knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"I've got an appointment downtown," he said. "See here, Matthews, don't say anything about what you have told me. I am investigating a little on my own account in this matter and I don't want anyone to know it. Hold your tongue, and I'll see that you don't lose anything by it."

A few minutes later the colonel was in his office downtown. He had just begun the dictation of a letter to his stenographer when he heard the cry of a newsboy in the street.

"Extra! Extra Morning News! New developments in the Leighton avenue murder case! Extra! Extra!"

The colonel went to the door quickly, and returned reading a newspaper still damp from the press. Under large, sensational headlines he read a detailed account of a circumstance that seemed to bear strongly on the murder of the night before. No less than 25 typewritten notes had been picked up in different parts of the city early that morning; they had been found on the sidewalks, under the doors of private residences, in the yards of unoccupied houses, in the mail boxes by letter-carriers, behind the counters of shops, and one in the coat pocket of Mr. William Roundtree, the mayor, who had declared to a reporter that it must have been put there while he was wearing the coat.

The wording of all the notes was exactly the same, and ran as follows:

"Nobody will ever discover who murdered Richard N. Strong. It will be useless to try. The secret lies in the smile on the dead man's face. Who put it there, and how was it done? These questions will remain unanswered till the end of time. But this is not all. Before long others will wear the dead, white smile.

"ONE WHO KNOWS HIS BUSINESS."

Col. Warrenton hurriedly read the rest of the sensational article, then threw aside the paper, and went down the street for two or three squares and up to the office of the mayor. He sent in his card, and was admitted at once. Mr. Roundtree was writing at his desk, but he rose and drew a chair near him for his friend to sit down.

"I just ran in to see about that note you got," said the lawyer. "Is it a fact that you found it in your pocket?"

The mayor thrust his right hand into the pocket of his sack coat. "He put it right there, colonel. I could show it to you, but I sent it to the police. I thought it was the only one till I read the extra just now."

"How could it have got into your pocket?" asked Warrenton. "Have you been in any crowds to-day?"

"Several, as it happened. At the post office this morning there were a great many people waiting for the mail. I stopped at the Imperial hotel in a throng of politicians, and at the corner of Main and Broad streets I was in a crowd around the driver of a cab who had been thrown against a lamppost and considerably injured. It could have been put into my pocket at any one of those places without my knowing it."

"What do you think ought to be done?" asked the colonel.

"I think the villain ought to be run down at all costs," was the reply. "I have just sent out a circular to be posted, in which I offer in the name of the city, $5,000 for his capture."

"A good idea," said Warrenton. "Do you know this detective Hendricks?"

"By reputation only. I understand he is the sharpest fellow alive in his particular line. I am glad he happened to be in town. You know he refused to come here just after the McDougal murders, he has so much to do in the larger cities. But I think he's interested in this case. They say he's like a bloodhound; when he smells blood he can't stop till he has run something down. By the way, he has bound us to secrecy. He says he will drop the case the moment it gets into the papers that he is here."

"So Welsh said. I would not have mentioned it to you, but he told me you had given your consent to Hendricks being employed."

CHAPTER V.

Mayor Roundtree lived in a large two-storied brick house standing back a hundred yards from the street, in extensive grounds. It was in the suburbs of the city, and at the end of one of the electric car lines.

When the mayor went home that afternoon, about six o'clock, he found

The next moment they heard her playing on her violin.

his family sitting on the front veranda waiting for his return. The group consisted of his son Marion, a young man just of age, his married daughter, Lilian, her husband, Fred Walters, and Mrs. Roundtree.

"Talking about the murder, I know," said the mayor, as he came up the steps.

"We are concerned about your offering that reward, dear," Mrs. Roundtree replied. "If I had been downtown I should have begged you not to do it. The murderer is evidently of unsound mind, and the reward may direct his attention to you. You know he says—"

"Mamma's only nervous," interrupted Lilian. "She hasn't talked of a thing all day except the isolation of our house and how easy it would be for a creature of that kind to make us his victims."

"Pshaw! that's all nonsense," exclaimed the mayor, taking the seat vacated for him by his son, who had thrown himself into a hammock. "Besides, the reward may be the means of putting the man under lock and key."

"I wish it had been the duty of some one else to offer it," replied Mrs. Roundtree, plaintively. "Why, dear, he was near enough to have killed you when he put that note into your pocket."

"He is not that sort of criminal," said Lilian, to the surprise of the others. "He will never kill anyone in open daylight on the street, where he might be seen. As the murderer says in his letters, the secret lies in that smile on Mr. Strong's face. Dr. Kramer saw the body, and he said this afternoon that he had never heard of anyone being killed with just such a facial expression. It is my opinion that you'll have to go deep into psychical phenomena to get at the mystery."

"Hush, Lilian; I don't like to hear you talk that way," said Mrs. Roundtree. "I have never approved of your reading the books you read."

"You object to my reading anything which is really new and progressive," said the young wife, pettishly. "The world would stand still if we did not study the new sciences—if we did not allow ourselves to think on new lines."

"It seems to me, sister," remarked Marion, "that you have talked more about the murder than anyone else. Since we have been out here, I have noticed that mother has changed the subject three times, but some remark of yours has always brought the conversation back to it."

"Brother, you know that is a deliberate—it is not true," Lilian retorted, angrily.

"I must say I thought so too, dear," interposed Fred Walters. "Don't you remember mother said something about the services at church to-night? Well, before anyone had time to reply you began talking again about whether it could be proved that Whidby had not been out of the house to distribute the notes."

Lilian seemed to forget her anger in her interest in the subject. She rose and stood in the doorway. "As far as that is concerned," she said, with animation, "Whidby could have had an accomplice. It was a strangely dramatic thing the way he called up the police at the telephone and remained with the corpse till they came, not even allowing the servant to enter. If he is guilty, he is at least original. In these days of masculine stupidity it would be a pity to execute an original man. I never could see why murderers should be such short-sighted fools. I read the other day of a man who shot another down and went to the jail pretending to be insane to escape punishment. How much more effective would it have been if he had systematically pretended to be insane a month or so before he committed the deed!—I mean if he had done little things which would scarcely cause remark at the time, but which, coupled with the crime afterwards, would have pointed conclusively to insanity. If I wanted to drown myself in the river, and did not want anyone to think it was done intentionally, I would first do a great many things to make it look as if I had never dreamed of such a thing. I would make engagements, leave things unfinished, as if I intended to return to them the next moment, and—"

"Oh, hush, my child!" interrupted Mrs. Roundtree. "What can make you say such things? I have never heard you talk so peculiarly."

"Everything is peculiar to mamma," the girl coldly laughed, as she turned into the drawing-room. The next moment they heard her playing on her violin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IT WAS MARIE'S MIRROR.

No Wonder Hubby Looked a Little Pale.

Young Mr. Smithers, having eaten an excellent dinner, sat down to smoke a good cigar while his wife ran upstairs to make her toilet for the theater.

So peaceful was his state of mind that he did not even look accusingly at his watch when, after the promised "minute" had developed into 60, she entered the room.

"Seems to me you are looking very nice to-night, my dear," he remarked.

"I am glad you think so, darling. Of course, I care more for your admiration than that of anyone else. Besides, the Skinners sit right behind us this evening, and this dress will give Mrs. S. a bad headache before the second act is half over."

Mr. Smithers looked anxious. "So this is new, is it? Wasn't the old one good enough?"

"N—not quite, my dear. Besides, I earned the money for this one myself."

"But how did you earn—"

"Oh, after you left, I fell to thinking what a lot of money $25 was to spend upon a birthday present for Marie, when I really needed so many things. Then an idea struck me. I remembered all those pretty things I found in our big trunk after we were married—the ones that horrid girl, whoever she was, sent back when the engagement was broken. I wouldn't have one of them myself, but it seemed a pity for them to lie there, so I went upstairs and looked them all over. I selected that lovely silver-backed mirror and cleaned it up until it looked just like new; and then I—"

"Sold it to buy a dress. I see!"

"Nothing of the kind. I bought the dress with the money you gave me. The mirror I sent to Marie with our best wishes. Won't she be surprised, and—why, Freddie, are you ill?"

"Not at all, my dear. You are quite right; Marie will, no doubt, be much surprised, for, you see, she herself was the girl who returned those presents—that is all."—Brooklyn Citizen.

Cities in Midair.

The highest villages of Europe having a permanent population are situated in Switzerland, Italy and France. In the order of their altitude they are: Rery, an Italian village, south of the Monte Rosa, at an altitude of 6,990 feet above sea level; its 120 inhabitants live there summer and winter. Their only connection with the outside world leads through the Betta-Gorca mountain pass, which is sometimes closed up by snow for several weeks at a time; Inf, in the valley of Avers, in Switzerland, at an elevation of 6,930 feet above sea level, is the second; the third highest village in Europe is Trepalle, in the Livigno valley, also in Italy, 6,720 feet above sea level; next comes Averol, in the French department of Savoy, 6,615 feet above the sea level, and Veran, not far from the former, at an altitude of 6,580 feet.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—What has become of the old-fashioned woman who made her children drink sassafras tea every spring?—Atchison Globe.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Zangwill's "Dreamers of the Ghetto" has just been issued. The author went to Jerusalem to study the realistic side of his subject.

—A new novel by Sarah Grand will appear in November, describing an intellectual woman's growth from girlhood to marriage.

—Florence Hull Winterburn has compiled her magazine papers on household and social topics under the title: "Arrows in the Air."

—Mrs. Maxwell Scott has written a book called "The Making of Abbotsford," which will be interesting to all admirers of Sir Walter.

—A revised and enlarged edition of the Persian poet, Omar Khayyam, edited by Nathan Hackell Dole, will be issued for the holidays.

—A new volume of poems by Harriet Prescott Spofford is called "In Titian's Garden, and Other Poems." It is said to contain much of her best work.

—Among James Otis' new books for children are "The Boys of Fort Schuyler" and "The Signal Boys of '75," the latter being a story of the siege of Boston.

—Grant Allen is accused of adopting a pen name—Mr. Gordon Seymour—supposed to be the author of "The Rudeness of the Honorable Mr. Leatherhead."

—A new edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson" will be edited by Percy Fitzgerald. It will have a biographical dictionary of everybody mentioned by Boswell.

—The first woman to edit a magazine in this country was Mrs. Harriet F. Donlevy, who edited the famous Lowell Offering, to which Lucy Larcom contributed.

—A posthumous book by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, "The Quest of Happiness," is in press. The author was writing the final words two hours before his death.

"OOM" PAUL AS A LAND GRABBER

Property Owners Robbed of Their Possessions by Transvaal Rulers.

In the confiscation of private property the rules of this so-called republic have exhibited a facility and refinement of method which would make the old-fashioned oriental despot green with envy. They have done more than this. By one blow they have despoiled burghers of their farms, set the constitution at defiance, paralyzed the judicial system and brought into jeopardy the independence of the highest tribunals in the land. Many years ago a far-seeing Scotsman named McCorkindale founded the colony of New Scotland, near Lake Chrissie, on the eastern borders. He acquired a large estate, but at his death the government disputed his title. The executors at once appealed to the supreme court. Having a clear conviction that the judges would confirm McCorkindale's claim, the executive brought the matter before the volksraad, and that servile body, to oblige its autocratic master, passed a besluit, or resolution, forbidding the Scotsman's executors right of access to the court. Unfortunately, the judges of that day obeyed the raad's mandate, and, deeming themselves powerless to interfere, dismissed the appeal, while confessing that on its merits the claim was just. The widow was robbed of 45 farms—270,000 acres of land—and she died a few years ago in a little cottage here in Pretoria.

The success of this drastic proceeding emboldened the oligarchy to try it again. A naturalized German named Doms, in 1870, 1871 and 1872 bought 28 farms in the west of the Transvaal. He obtained them from border chiefs, and occupied the land for 14 years. A commission was appointed to investigate his claims; their work was interrupted by the British annexation; but they confirmed his title to 27 of the farms. Subsequently the government not only refused to recognize his right, but gave away a great part of the property to their own more-beloved burghers. This was the true inwardness of their motive. Mr. Doms thereupon took action in the supreme court. Again Paul Krueger came down to the obsequious raad and begged for another besluit, for, said he, if Doms is allowed to go into court he will assuredly win his case, and that will be highly inconvenient, because the government has not the farms to give him. Again the truckling lawmakers, giving no consideration to the merits of the issue, did as they were ordered. As before, the appeal was dismissed and Doms was ruined. He became insolvent, five farms out of 27 being all that were left to him, and to-day he supports a wife and family by driving a cab on the streets of Pretoria.—London Telegraph.

Knew Their Passengers.

The student of sociology will find a good many of the old New England ways still enough alive to travel on rural trolleys. On one line in Boston's suburbs the conductors and motormen know their passengers. The other day a conductor excused his hurry in making change by saying he had to "look after Mrs. Blank, 'cause she's lame." Having helped that lady to reach terra firma, the conductor resumed the collection of fares, beginning with a little girl, of whom he asked: "How's father's cold to-day, Annie?" Needless to say that the conductors are "Johns" and "Henrys" to many of the patrons. The line is well operated, for the old New England democracy always knew how to get there on schedule time.—Boston Transcript.

They Are Strangers Now.

Mattie—What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Helen—Take them to a shoemaker and have them cut down to my size.—Chicago News.

Assuring.

She—Do you think the bull would have killed me if he had chased me?

He—Oh, it would have been a toss-up!—N. Y. Truth.